

2-8-1916

## Letter from Eleanor Blair, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to Mrs. D.C. Blair, Montour Falls, New York, 1916 February 8

Eleanor Blair

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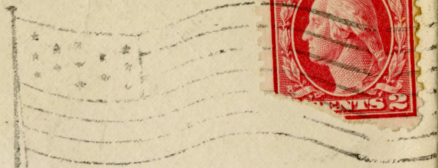
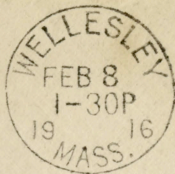
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Mrs. D. C. Blair  
Montour Falls  
New York.

Wellesley, Massachusetts,  
Mo 8 February, 1916.

Dearest Mutter,

You can see the way exams affect me, or else this care-free relaxation has gone to my head. I apologize most humbly for that heading, but am too economical to begin another sheet.

I am writing this letter behind much Bug sign. Mabel, you see, has an exam tomorrow, and consequently is closeted with her chemistry book. Dick Andrews



is in here laboring, too. But  
really I am not as care-free as  
you might think. I am going  
to press and clean my clothes, sew  
on buttons and hooks and eyes,  
arrange my old notes, do academic  
in advance and orders of things I  
have wanted to do all year. Then  
every noon or evening there is  
glee-club rehearsal. Tomorrow  
morning, Margaret Miller and I  
have a date to meet in the laundry.  
One will read <sup>aloud</sup>, while the other  
launders, and then we will  
reverse occupations. Yesterday  
afternoon as soon as our last  
exam was over, Carrie Ingraham  
and I came up in my room and  
read Stevenson's Apology for Idlers.

Mutter, you are a dear to send  
me that Canisole. It is so dainty  
and pretty. But you were the  
first to put so much work on  
it. I am anxious to wear it.  
My & like friends admire it much,  
and agree with me that my  
mother is a very nice person.

If you see Mrs. Mulford, Mutter,  
tell her that the little February  
blotter she gave me has gone to  
all my exams with me. The  
version on it is <sup>with a few variations</sup> this: "It is a  
good thing to be learned and a  
good thing to be a Phi Beta Kappa,  
but it is a better thing to be beloved  
of many friends" (The underlined  
words indicate the variations from  
the original). That blotter was  
such a comfort when I knew nothing.



My yesterday Exam was in  
Miss Oakes Greek philosophy course,  
and what a siege of it I had.  
You see she played a mean trick  
on us — about two weeks before  
the Exam she handed out a paper  
with possible Exam questions  
out it. The first on which was  
as follows we would surely get  
she said: — Have you done all  
the required reading? That  
question was a perci blow to me,  
as there was any amount of it I  
had not done. So I began with  
the September requirements and  
read the whole semester's reading  
from beginning to end. May be  
I wasn't lucky!

Enough for Exams. Let's forget  
them!

I know you are curious to know why I won't need that veil dress. Well, the point is that I probably shan't be here for Commencement week. Gladys and Miss Streibert were here to dinner with me last Thursday, and during the course of the evening, Gladys asked me if I would consider coming to T.O. as house-keeper again until the first part of July. Mary Torrence can't get down until then, and Mr. Jelliff (one of the ministers you perhaps remember my mentioning) wanted her to see if I would like the job again. I would have to go down as soon as my Exams are over, as Exams are later than



naval this year. Commencement  
comes the twentieth and Gladys  
goes down to the Island the  
twelfth, so I would have to go  
down as soon as possible to help  
open up. Of course I could go  
down as a regular entertainer  
anyway, but even then I should  
have to leave here <sup>the</sup> Saturday of  
golden party (the 17th) as the party  
arrives on the 19th. So I really  
won't miss much more by going  
the first of the week. I've been  
having fearful inner struggles  
though trying to make up my mind  
whether to miss commencement  
with Betty and Johnny and Louise,  
or to miss another nice chance  
at V. Q. I think I've decided to



miss commencement. Please  
won't my family say they approve  
of the choice!

Let me tell you something that  
pleases me immensely. Henrietta  
is going down to I. O. the same  
time I do. Gladys asked her the  
other day (I must confess that I  
had mentioned to her that Henrietta  
was crazy to go). Gladys, of course,  
met her, and had a chance to  
get a little acquainted with her  
the night she was here for dinner.  
And the next time I saw her  
she asked if I thought Henrietta  
could really come. K. Spiden, the  
girl I came near rooming with  
this year, may go in June too, so  
we can have a grand trio.

We had a gay time while Gladys was here in spite of exams. Friday night we had a birthday party at A. K. K. and Sunday morning, six of us (the two Struberts, Mary Torrence, K. Spudis, Jan Newton and myself) had a breakfast party at Shakespeare.

I have been talking to Mabel about this summer and we have measured the distance from Hamburg to Montour. She really thinks she can come. Dot Spellissey is Emma's cousin, not her sister's daughter.

Don't worry about not getting the parlor and hall papered and painted. We won't ever be in the house to know if it has any paper or not, and anyway my family is what



I intend to show off.

Quack Aunt Nii could see her bulb dish with six nearly-out dozedels in it, and those cunning Jap things. Perhaps it is not very tactful for me to admire my own purchase, but we do have lots of fun with those play-things. I am going to write a story for English about the headless man on the bridge. That bulb dish is just full of story possibilities. Dick is so funny - the other afternoon she strolled in and discovered the Jap village. "Oh," she said, "I don't want to study. I want to sit right down and make up stories about those nice little Japo."

Speaking of toys, Mutter, haven't we  
some jig-saw puzzles, games, and  
things of that kind that might be  
doing some good. Mr. Massfield is  
coming back here in a few weeks and  
has made a plea for such things  
for the soldiers. Anything, he says, to  
amuse them during the long day  
in the trenches is more than welcome.  
Also will you send me that big box  
of postal cards on my closet shelf.  
They stick them up along the sides  
of the trenches, leave them a few days  
and then shift them along the line.  
Some things might be sent in my  
laundry. Maybe But will have some  
things to help out, too.

I am going to write a revengeful  
letter to my brother now, so  
goodbye until later.



Love to all of you,  
Eleanor.

My brown shirt is all right now.  
They mended it so that it is  
strong and does not show at all.  
I wear it most of the time. Bought  
a bright, light-blue, crepe-de-chine  
tie last week and the combination  
is fine.